

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

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"Let the PRIESTS receive the *tithes* of the people, and keep a written account of all that have paid them; and divide them in the presence of such as fear God, according to canonical authority. Let them set apart the first share for the *building and ornaments of the church*; distribute the *second* to the *poor and strangers with their own hands*, in *mercy and humility*; and reserve the *third part for themselves*."—ELFRIC'S CANONS. 24th.

FACTS FOR THE MEN OF KENT.

Kensington, 21st October, 1828.

GENTLEMEN,

GREAT efforts will be made, at the approaching County Meeting, to make you think about any thing and every thing, except the things in which you are really interested. You will be amused (if you will suffer it) by a great deal of declamation about "*Civil and Religious Liberty*." Others will entertain you about the "*dangers of Popery*," and will endeavour to make you so hot (especially if the day be warm) as to make you imagine that you are in *Smithfield*, and have the fagots actually blazing around you. One side will cry out, "*our Holy Religion*"; and the other will deprecate "*bigotry*," and will talk so tenderly about "*our brethren*," the Catholics. But none of them will say a word to you about the following facts, which are to form the basis of the Petition, which I shall have the honour to present for your approval. They will none of them tell you these things, namely;—

That, all the temporal possessions of the Church, whether tithes, glebes, college-lands, abbey-lands, cathedral-lands, and all such possessions

of every description, were founded on the basis of CHARITY, and were granted, not to the clergy and the bishops for their own use, but IN TRUST for the good of the nation at large, and especially for the relief of the poor, the widow, the orphan, and the stranger.

That, there were no *poor-rates*, no *church-rates*, and no paupers in England, until the present Church was established; and that the poor were relieved, and the churches built and repaired, out of the *tithes*, and other revenues of the Church.

That, by degrees this *sacred* trust has ceased to operate, and the tithes, and the rest of the revenues of the church, have been taken possession of for the sole use of the clergy themselves and their families; while the burthen of relieving the poor, and of building and repairing the churches, has been thrown upon the people; and that the share of this burthen, borne by the *county of Kent*, at the date of the last return, was, annually 418,281*l.* on an average of years.

That, there are 427 parishes in the county of Kent.

That, these are all in the hands of less than two hundred rectors and vicars, many of whom have prebends and other benefices in addition.

That, there are 87 of these parishes, which have parsonage-houses, that our gentlemen parsons tell the Parliament, are *not good enough for them to live in*.

That, there are 75 other parishes, which have *no parsonage-house at all*, though the clergy are bound by law to keep up all parsonage-houses, and to keep them in repair; and though the bishop of the diocese is bound by law, to see that these houses are not dilapidated.

That, there are THIRTEEN PARISHES in this garden-county of Kent, which have NO

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CHURCHES AT ALL, but in which the tithes are, as elsewhere, exacted even to the last blade of grass.

That, there are 44 parishes in the county, each having less than one hundred inhabitants, none of whom hardly ever see the face of a parson, and yet, who have *tithes* exacted from them to the utmost rigour; and that, while this is the state of the county, that county is taxed for the building of new churches, which are intended to add to the emoluments of this same clergy.

That, bad as all this is, one might almost call it *good*, when compared with the situation of Ireland, which contains 3403 parishes.

That, these have been moulded into 515 livings, and that these have been given to about 350 rectors and vicars, and, of course, each parson has the tithes and glebes of more than nine parishes.

That, of the 3403 parishes, there are only 139 which have parsonage-houses, and that, consequently, there is but one parsonage-house to every 24 parishes.

That, in the 3403 parishes, there are only 465 churches, so that there is but one church to *every seven parishes*.

That, there is not more than *one* churchman to every six Catholics or Dissenters throughout Ireland, and that in some parishes there are no church people at all.

That, the Catholics and Dissenters build and repair their own chapels, and support their own ministers, but are compelled to pay tithes and church-rates too, even where there are no churches in existence.

That, the tithes are collected in the most rigorous manner by men called *tithe proctors*, who go armed on the business and have frequently troops to assist them.

That, the poor creatures are sometimes stripped of every thing they have in the world, and the air is made to ring with their cries of misery; and sometimes thirsting for revenge

they break out into acts of violence and blood, and the jail and the gallows are called in to finish the dispute between them and their pastors.

That, this is the great and efficient cause of all the troubles of Ireland, where no poor-rates were ever established, and where the people are, therefore, left, in hundreds of thousands of cases, to perish from hunger, while we are taxed to pay an army, a great part of the business of which is, to keep the peace in Ireland.

Gentlemen, I have stated numerous facts here; and I have stated them for the purpose of giving an opportunity beforehand to any one to contradict me if he can. Pray, my friends, be not amused by hypocritical stuff about "*Catholic Emancipation*." What relief could the poor people of Ireland receive from putting half a dozen of Catholic Peers into the House of Lords; a dozen or two of Catholic 'Squires into the House of Commons; and silk gowns upon the backs of two or three score of lawyers, who, for the greater part, stand in need of hemp round their necks, instead of silk on their backs?

Gentlemen, "*Catholic Emancipation*," means the giving of a share of the taxes to the Catholic nobility and lawyers, who being empty would come upon us so sharply, as not to leave a drop of blood in our bodies. We know well what these men mean: they have once already offered that the forty-shilling Catholic freeholders of Ireland should be *disfranchised*, if England would let them into Parliament and give them silk gowns, and would pay **SALARIES ANNUALLY TO THE CATHOLIC** priests; this astonishingly impudent proposition was actually brought before Parliament in 1825. The scheme was defeated, or we Protestants should now, at this day, have had to pay salaries to the Catholic priests of Ireland, in order to induce them to persuade the wretched people of that country quietly to pay tithes to the Protestant Clergy. This very



scheme is on foot at this moment, and to you belongs the duty to defeat it for ever.

I shall have the honour to propose to you, to petition for the *abolition of all clerical tithes both in England and Ireland*, for the appropriation of the rest of the church revenues to the relief of the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the stranger, leaving to the clergy the use of the *churches, the parsonage-houses, and the glebes*, and, if more be necessary to their support, leaving that support to come from their own flocks, in like manner, as support now comes to the priests and ministers of our Roman Catholic and Dissenting fellow-subjects.

Gentlemen, once more; I warn you against the tricks of the *two factions*, who, as the sensible people of MAIDSTONE told them in 1816, are all "tarred with the same brush": one faction has as many church-livings, as many sinecures and pensions, as many relations in the army, navy, and other lines of emolument, as the other faction: they may, and they will, carry on a *sham debate* for the purpose of deceiving you into a vote for *one* or the *other* faction, and neither faction cares a straw which; all they want is to *prevent you from voting for yourselves*. My friends of Kent, be not their tools: you never yet were, and I trust that you will now maintain your character for good sense and public spirit.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient and
Most humble Servant,
WM. COBBETT.

SPORT.

I OUGHT to apologise, perhaps, but it is not worth while, for bothering my readers with the following whimsical transaction between me and the butchers. The reader will perceive that a set of mean wretches of retail butchers who, perhaps, employ their Sunday mornings in turning the noughts of their shop bills into sixes or nines, and are thereby, notwithstanding their piety, compelled

to put off their churchgoing until the afternoon; the reader will here find a set of these wretches to despise; but, I cannot publish the account without premising, that I have received the greatest acts of civility at the hands of salesmen and carcass butchers, who, without the possibility of an interested motive, have, upon all occasions, shown a desire to oblige and to serve me, and have really rendered me very great services; and that too, I repeat, without the possibility of an interested motive. With this short preface, which was due to these gentlemen from me, I insert the following, a part of which has already appeared in the newspapers.

MR. COBBETT AND THE BUTCHERS.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

"Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle!
Not all that pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decayed old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all the force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;
Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes, made to hew down lives,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade."

HUDIBRAS.

Kensington, Oct. 17, 1828.

SIR,—In your paper of the 15th inst. you inserted the following paragraph:

The Committee of the Master Butchers have, we understand, invited Mr. Cobbett to their grand dinner, at the Freemason's Tavern, on Thursday, the 16th instant; and we also hear that he has signified his intention to attend.

In your paper of the 16th instant the following letter appeared:

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,—Having read in your paper of this morning that you understood the Committee of Master Butchers have invited Mr. Cobbett to the public dinner of the 16th instant; *that Committee request you will contradict that statement, as no such invitation was sent by them.*

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

B. PRIDE, Secretary.

Freemasons' Tavern, Oct. 15, 1828.

Now, Sir, *it was I who sent you the above paragraph*, to the statement in which this letter of "B. Pride" gives the lie direct. *Why I sent you the pa-*

paragraph you shall learn before I proceed further. When the invitation was sent me, I was surprised, *agreeably surprised*, to find ground for believing that so much of independence of spirit existed in a body of men, the greater part of whom must have been *retail* tradesmen. My pleasure, however, did not make me overlook a precaution that I deemed necessary. If I went to this dinner, it must be from a public notice; I must go as a *politician*, and, surely, not as an *amateur butcher*. In short, I resolved not to go in huggar-muggar; but make the invitation come from the house-top. In pursuance of this resolution, I troubled you with the above-recited paragraph of the 15th.

On the 16th (the day of the dinner), I was got as far as Kensington, on my way from Barn Elm to the Freemasons' Tavern, when your paper of that day held up to my astonished sight the above-recited letter of the "Secretary, B. Pride," dated on the 15th. Now, Sir, look up, for a moment, at that letter again; and then, have the goodness to read the following letter, signed by the hand of this same "B. PRIDE:"—

Freemason's Tavern, Oct. 10, 1828.

SIR,—I am directed by the Committee of Master Butchers of London, Westminster, and parts adjacent, to enclose a ticket for the Dinner of the Trade, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Thursday next, the 16th instant, and to request the favour of your company.

I also beg leave to enclose a copy of the Plan, Report, &c. of the Committee.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

B. PRIDE, *Secretary*.

W. Cobbett, Esq.

I will not, Sir, insult the understanding or the morality of your readers by offering any commentary on this, but will hasten to relate the sequel. The question now was, *what to do with the Dinner Ticket?* It announced, that Mr. WILLIAM GIBLETT was to be in the Chair, and it announced the names of a great many Stewards. Upon seeing B. PRIDE's letter of the 15th, my first thought was to go into town, and find one of the lowest of all possible blackguards, and to give him the ticket, and actually see him into the room; and, I actually

sent for a hackney-coach from the stand at the Palace-gate, in order to go into town for the express purpose. But, *time pressed*; it was, by this time, *forty minutes after two*, and the dinner-hour was four. I might (and, indeed, it was no easy matter if there had been the day to do it in) find a wretch sufficiently low to satisfy the justice of the case. In this state of uncertainty, I wrote a letter to the CHAIRMAN, of which the following is a copy, and in that letter enclosed the dinner-ticket:

Kensington, 16th Oct. 1828.

SIR,—I enclose you the ticket, sent to me by the Secretary of your Committee, and by their order. This same Secretary has, this day, published a denial of the fact, and signed the denial with his name, and this too *by the order of the same Committee!*

If I could find a man, to whom it would not be an insult to propose to him to put his legs under the same table with people capable of acting thus, I would give him the ticket; but, unable to do this, especially at so short a notice, I return it to the source from whence it proceeded, consoled with the reflection, or, at least, with the hope, that one of equal meanness is not to be found upon the face of the earth.

WM. COBBETT.

To Mr. Wm. Giblett, Chairman of the Butchers assembled this day at the Freemasons' Tavern.

P. S.—I request you to be so good as to read this to the meeting.

Need I add, that the Chairman *did not read the letter to the meeting*; nor, as would seem, from the report of the proceedings at the dinner, did he even allude to it. If he had read it out, he would have saved you all this trouble, which I certainly should not have given you, had it not been for the purpose of proving that your paragraph of the 15th was true, and that the charge of falsehood lay on the Committee, or on the Secretary, whom we will dismiss, if you please, with my just observing, that "B. Pride's" original letter will, in a day or two, be stuck up in my shop window, in Fleet-street, for the amusement of the boys, and as a warning to "Committees," and to enterprising young men, who have the ambition to place "Secretary" at the end of their names.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and

Most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

Thus far the newspapers have already told the public. The sequel is as amusing as the rest, as will be seen from the following copy of a letter from some of these people to the *MORNING HERALD*.

"To the Editor of The Morning Herald.

*"Freemasons' Tavern,
20th Oct. 1828.*

"SIR,—The Committee of the Butchers of London, Westminster, and the parts adjacent, request you will insert the following explanation of an apparent inconsistency in two letters, both purporting to be signed by the Secretary to that Committee.—One of the Members of that Committee specially requested the Secretary to enclose a ticket for the dinner to Mr. Cobbett *in the name of the Committee*, assuring him that it would be sanctioned by the Committee, and the ticket was accordingly enclosed and the letter signed by him. The sub-Committee consisting of Seven Members, met on the 15th instant, on committee business, and observing a notice in *The Morning Herald*, that Mr. Cobbett had been invited *by the Committee; in the absence of the individual who had desired the ticket to be sent, and in the absence of Mr. Pride, the Secretary, and* IN IGNORANCE OF WHAT HAD BEEN DONE, the Committee wrote the letter of contradiction alluded to, *and WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE SECRETARY, AFFIXED HIS NAME TO IT, and inserted it in The Morning Herald.* This is a *SIMPLE* statement of facts, which gave rise to the *apparent inconsistency* of the two letters alluded to.

On behalf of the Committee.

(Signe I)

"WILLIAM STENT,
"Chairman."

This is one of the poorest shuffles that ever came from the mind of a set of mean and stupid creatures. Just as if these seven fellows did *not know* that the invitation had been given in the name of the Committee; and, if they did not know it, why did they not *speak to the Secretary*, before they sent the contradiction, and especially before they put *his name* to the contradiction, and absolutely compelled me to *post him up for a liar*? For making use of a man's name without his knowledge is, in some cases, punished by the gallows: in a case like this, a broom-stick is the proper instrument; and, if the nature of Mr. PRIDE were not very far from corresponding with his name, the bones of this "sub-committee consisting of seven members" would, ere now, have rattled in the skins of the blackguards, like a

bird-clapper upon a cherry-tree. This "SIMPLE statement" would not have saved their carcasses. And, do these fellows really think, that they will deceive any body by their talk about "*apparent inconsistency*." Inconsistency! Why, it was a straight-forward, down-right, clear, and unequivocal LIE; an impudent lie; and these fellows who forged a man's name for the express purpose of promulgating the lie, call it "*an apparent inconsistency*." But, blackguards have *names* as well as other people; and why does Mr. PRIDE not give us the names of these *seven*? The "*seven worthies*" may, for aught we know, be a mere fiction, intended to cover Mr. PRIDE. It is very easy to say, that there are seven blackguards who have put forth a lie under the signature of another man; but, who will believe, that there are seven such blackguards upon the face of the earth, unless their *names* be produced? And here is a *Chairman* now, who signs the "*SIMPLE statement*"; but who *answers for nothing*, for he signs "*in behalf of the Committee*." So that there is no *coming at the parties* offending. The sum total of this is, that a barefaced lie has, for the meanest of purposes, been promulgated under the signature of Mr. PRIDE; and, unless Mr. PRIDE denounce *by name* the blackguards who affixed his name to the lie, it must, according to every fair principle of judging, remain upon his own shoulders. One can hardly believe, that *seven* any things, in the shape of men, would concur in such a piece of blackguardism: the fellows must be already, one would think, in a state of decomposition, or, at least, most furiously fly-blown: nothing that was *sweet* could, one would think, have bred such filthy thoughts as those which must be the inhabitants of the minds of these men. But, enough about them! To a dense fog, a murky sky, heat without sun or wind, and to the blue-bottle fly, I leave them: let them live to stink and stink to live, until, at last, the vicinage, unable to endure them longer, trundle them into some hole along with a cart-load of their kindred carrion,

BOTT SMITH.

"To hear Cobbett talk about his crop of Indian Corn, people might be led to suppose that *such a thing was never grown in England before he took it in hand*. It would be easy to prove to the contrary, as we have ourselves repeatedly seen it growing here; and we have now before us a very *fine head of this beautiful corn*, about 9 inches long, grown in the open air at Fulwood Lodge, in Toxteth-park, the land of William Smith, Esq. When green and boiled, it is, we are informed, very delicious."
—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Oh! you have a "fine head," have you, Bott! It is not a *head*, but an *ear*, Bott; and, if it really be *nine inches long* (which is not improbable), it is, I suppose, about the length of one of the *ears*, which decorate the animal whose voice and manners you have so long and so successfully imitated. But, Bott, when did I pretend that Indian Corn was *never before grown in England*? I, who have often and often, in various works, urged people to plant it in their gardens for table use; I, who have, in my *Gardener*, given instructions for the cultivation; I, who have many times said, in print, that I grew it, year after year, from seed saved by myself, in my garden at Botley? What a nasty maggot thou must still be, then, result, as thou art, of the gormandizings of CROPPER and his like; what a filthy maggot to affect to believe, that I have said, that Corn was never before grown in England! But, of *this sort of corn*; this sort which is the only sort that will ripen in England in the *open fields* and in *any summer*, none was ever grown *here*, until grown by me; or, at least, I never heard that it was.—And, now, Bott, what a poor, malignant, spiteful, pitiful devil you must be, to see with sorrow, and to endeavour to undervalue, a discovery and an enterprise, the importance, the real solid good of which, seem to have suspended, for a while at least, all political animosities against the author! Your spite is purely personal: you feel the smart of my lashes, my well-merited lashes, on your raw-boned back; and, rather than any portion of public praise should alight on me, you would see half the nation starve. You will see, if long-suffering nature should let your shanks drawl your

rickety frame about for a few years longer, and permit your white eyes to stare through your goggles, you will see this corn in the fields of *every* farmer, and in the garden of *every* cottager, in England; and you will hear it called "COBBETT'S CORN," though the sound make you endeavour to hide yourself under the tail whence you first came forth to disgust the sight, the hearing, and the smell of the unhappy people, who have the misfortune to be compelled to reside within the circuit of your prowlings. There is no species of calumny, which your cowardice and spite have not put forth against me; I could collect from your base and stupid paper as much of downright calumnious lies against me as would fill a large volume. You feel conscious, that a recollection of these base acts of yours must be revived in the minds of many by the transcendent service that I am now rendering this whole kingdom; and therefore it is that you would fain make people believe, that this is no service at all; that the thing is *nothing new*, and that, of course, it gives me no claim to public praise. The *water-purifier*, BURDETT, is your cock! He is for thinning the water; I am for thickening the porridge. How different our tastes! But you, above all creatures, should be for me; for, if abandoned to his purifying efforts, whence would come those *results*, in which Botts are engendered and on which they feed? You may, I think, be left to the butchers, or rather to accompany the blue-bottle fly, and go along with them altogether into the carrion hole, which is manifestly to be their last scene, in this uppermost part of the earth; whether any of you will be admitted below, is more than I can say.

SPEECH OF MR. FRENCH.

I insert with great pleasure the speech of Mr. FRENCH at the last meeting of the General Association of Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty.

"Mr. FRENCH then rose, and was partially greeted with applause. He spoke nearly as follows:—GENTLEMEN, In attempting to say a few words

“after a Gentleman, whose mode of speaking is well calculated to excite the loudest applauses from undoubtedly the most discriminating part of my audience, I am not altogether insensible of the disadvantage under which I labour, and of the obstruction which I am likely to experience. However, Gentlemen, as I am rather solicitous to confute the arguments, if such they may be called, than to emulate the eloquence of that very learned Gentleman, I do hope notwithstanding this enthusiasm in a certain quarter in favour of Mr. Murphy, that I shall obtain this day from the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, something like a quiet, if not an impartial hearing—[*cheers and cries of go on*]. Well, Gentlemen, with this encouragement on your part, I shall take the liberty of making the speech, which you have just heard from this champion of Mr. O’Connell, the basis of my own; merely observing, before I proceed to answer, paragraph by paragraph, this very sensible, very connected speech, that Mr. Daniel O’Connell is peculiarly fortunate in having found such a resolute, unblushing defender of his political conduct, as Mr. Murphy;—a defender, Gentlemen, who, in one part of his speech most vociferatingly asserts that Mr. O’Connell has never committed one single deviation in his political career, and, in another part of this identical speech, vociferating in a still louder strain, informs his audience, that this same undeviating Mr. O’Connell, had amply atoned for his deviations, by candidly acknowledging his errors, and by craving pardon both of God and man for having committed them—[*great uproar, and cries of No, no, it is false*]. But to begin Gentlemen, with the very first sentence of his eloquent exordium. Although I am not a member of the Committee, permit me in common justice to assure you that the Gentlemen who compose it are totally incapable of acting so meanly as Mr. Murphy is capable of suspecting. The fact is they have selected for the insertion of

“their advertisement, that paper which they conceived to have the most extensive circulation—[*loud cries of No, no, it was not—the Times, the Times.*] Well, Gentlemen, continued Mr. French, you may indulge your opinion as to the diffusion of the paper called the *Times*, and as to the propriety of that diffusion; but the Gentlemen of the Committee claim the liberty of consulting their own judgment upon matters that fall beneath their cognizance, and scorn, either upon matters of taste, or matters of a political tendency, to receive your dictates. They still maintain the pre-eminence of the *Morning Herald*, in spite of your contrary decision, and they have not been guilty I contend of unfairness in the manner they have acted. But it is, Gentlemen, unfair, iniquitous, and malignant in the extreme, it argues, as I observed at the last meeting of this Association, some months ago upon a similar occasion, a most deliberate intention, on the part of Mr. Murphy, to create discord and confusion amongst us, thus in the very outset of his speech to expose the Gentlemen of the Committee to the derision and contempt of the audience; it is, in my view at least, a most convincing proof, that he is an insidious enemy of that Association of which he professes himself to be a member—in one word, that he moves amongst us, but to promote dissension. Gentlemen, descending in due order to the successive observations of this learned Gentlemen, I find (and I shall adhere as closely as possible to the peculiar delicacy and refinement of his own expression) that many members of the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty, who are most boisterous against the changes of Mr. O’Connell, have themselves *chopped, changed, and turned about* more than once in their politics (meaning, I presume, their political opinions, and become aristocrats)—[*laughter and confusion*]. Now Gentlemen, as I, who have been totally uninfected with this itch of political turn-coatery, have good reason to imagine that from his insinuations he

"includes me in the number of these
 "choppers and changers, I should be
 "wanting to myself, were I not to repel
 "the charge with indignation. No,
 "Gentlemen, in proportion as I have
 "advanced in years, I have uniformly
 "and unceasingly beheld corruption
 "preying upon the vitals of the Consti-
 "tution; the people of England reduced
 "to misery and servitude; multiplying
 "the public debt—multiplying crimes
 "—multiplying barracks—a vile do-
 "mineering aristocracy, increasing in
 "wealth, grandeur, and in crime, so
 "have I never ceased, since I first
 "opened my mouth in public, with one
 "unvarying note to inveigh against their
 "abominable depravity — [applause].
 "Nay, more, I had the candour (and
 "the Protestant part of my audience
 "will give me credit for my ingenuou-
 "ness) to acknowledge, however reluct-
 "antly, that our Catholic Aristocracy,
 "so far from being exempt from any
 "participation in this general tyranny,
 "were most indisputably the deadliest
 "enemies of Reform, and the most un-
 "worthy of being erected to the rank of
 "freemen—[great applause]. Is this,
 "Gentlemen, the language of a syco-
 "phant, of a courtier, of a turncoat?
 "Are these notes soothing to the ears of
 "Lords? No, Gentlemen, the political
 "tergiversator treads in the very steps
 "of Mr. Murphy, he performs his ser-
 "vices—he becomes the instrument of
 "dissolving an assembly of freemen—
 "he calumniates his fellow-radicals, in
 "order to attract the smiles of the nobi-
 "lity—he is ever ready to advance his
 "own private interest by the desertion
 "of his cause. The profound original
 "observation, Gentlemen, next in order
 "of Mr. Murphy, is, that perfection is
 "not to be expected in any man; *ergo*,
 "not in Mr. O'Connell. This is a po-
 "sition, Gentlemen, which in common
 "with every thing human, uninspired,
 "and if I may use the expression, un-
 "angelic in this assembly, I am very
 "willing to admit. But at the same
 "time I will tell the learned Gentle-
 "men, with his good leave, that al-
 "though most confessedly no human
 "character was ever yet entirely free

"from spot or stain, that there is yet
 "one point of perfection from which a
 "public man who has drawn the eyes
 "of the world upon him should never
 "swerve; a point of perfection, Gen-
 "tlemen, which consists in straight-for-
 "ward political consistency—[cheers].
 "This is what we fondly expected
 "to have found in Mr. Daniel O'Con-
 "nell; but we have been disappointed,
 "and we have the boldness to avow it
 "—[cheers and disapprobation]. He
 "is not a Man of the People. He has
 "arranged himself under the wing of
 "the Aristocracy. He is not worthy of
 "the vote proposed—and I for one will
 "most strenuously resist it—[great cla-
 "mour and cheers]. Gentlemen, there
 "is one sententious observation of the
 "learned orator, uttered with high em-
 "phasis, with such pomp and solemnity,
 "in favour of the motion now in agita-
 "tion, that it seems to me worthy of
 "peculiar notice. One of the most co-
 "gent reasons, exclaims this champion
 "of Mr. O'Connell, why we should not
 "create any opposition at the present
 "motion is, "because it is ungracious
 "at all times, and under all circum-
 "stances, to oppose a vote of thanks."
 "Gentlemen, these are the literal words
 "used by Mr. Murphy, and committed
 "by me to paper the very moment
 "they were delivered. So that, Gen-
 "tlemen, according to this unqualified
 "maxim, embracing as it does all times
 "and all seasons, and all characters,
 "were a vote of thanks to be proposed
 "hereafter to some misruler like a Cas-
 "tlereagh or a Canning, men, every day
 "of whose political existence was preg-
 "nant with some curse to England;
 "men who, in times of profound internal
 "peace suspended the Habeas Corpus
 "Act, and mocked all the bulwarks of
 "the British constitution; upon such,
 "according to this new-sprung luminary
 "of oracular wisdom, Mr. Murphy, it
 "will be ungracious forsooth to refuse
 "our assent to the motion, to refuse to
 "panegyrize the author of our cala-
 "mities?—[Cries of respect the dead,
 "respect the dead]. Gentlemen, con-
 "tinued Mr. French, I recognize the
 "justness of the maxim suggested by

" the Gentleman who has just inter-
 " rupted me, and in private life I adhere
 " to it in practice. But I will not ac-
 " knowledge its applicability to public
 " characters, that there is either truth,
 " or wisdom, or piety, in the doctrine
 " that inculcates silence as to the demer-
 " its of a statesmen, the very moment
 " that death has deprived him of the
 " power of acting against the liberties
 " of the people. I will not I say, ac-
 " knowledge its propriety, unless my
 " interrupter can prove that the corrup-
 " tion, that the miseries of which he
 " was the author, have not survived him
 " —[*great applause and some disap-*
 " *probation*]. Gentlemen, I come next
 " to the very beautiful simile of Mr.
 " Murphy, wherein the learned Gentle-
 " man compares the enviers of this vote
 " of thanks to Mr. O'Connell to so many
 " barking curs in the precincts of a great
 " lion, dwelling at the same time with
 " infinite tautology upon the splendid
 " talents of Mr. O'Connell, and the
 " generous manner in which he has ex-
 " erted those talents, as to the treatment
 " of his enemies. Gentlemen, I will so
 " far gratify the blind idolaters of Mr.
 " O'Connell—[*clamour*]—as to observe
 " that his talents are undisputed, though
 " I by no means think them to be unri-
 " valled. Indeed, as to the generosity
 " which he has displayed in the exertion
 " of those talents towards his enemies,
 " I hope Mr. Murphy does not allude
 " to that late extraordinary production,
 " his letter to Mr. Hunt, or that he does
 " not mean, in point of masterly compo-
 " sition, to set it on a level with the let-
 " ter of Mr. Hunt to Mr. O'Connell—
 " [*great clamour*]. I have no objec-
 " tion that Mr. Murphy should con-
 " found scurrility on the part of Mr.
 " O'Connell with generosity to his
 " enemies, but let him not, in the name
 " of taste and judgment, compare—
 " [*Mr. French was here laughed at*
 " *most loudly for his want of taste*].
 " Surely, Gentlemen, as it is purely a
 " matter of taste, you will permit me to
 " form an opinion—[*cries of no, no, go*
 " *to some other subject*]. To pursue
 " then, Gentlemen, some other subject,
 " as you command me (and God knowe

" a speech of Mr. Murphy will always
 " supply subjects in abundance)—he
 " cares not, he observes, what name
 " Mr. O'Connell may choose to give to
 " his object, whether constitutional or
 " radical, and whether, in fine, he calls
 " it revolution—it is all one, provided it
 " goes on. Gentlemen, it is well for
 " Mr. Murphy that he uttered this sen-
 " timent in the Association of the
 " Friends of Civil and Religious Li-
 " berty in England, rather than at the
 " Catholic Association in Ireland—[*up-*
 " *roar and cheers*]. You may all recol-
 " lect, Gentlemen, some months ago,
 " that, at a moment when the Orange-
 " men were threatening extermination to
 " the Catholics, and breathing nothing
 " but blood and vengeance, when every
 " passing occurrence tended to exas-
 " perate the Catholic, when petition
 " upon petition was rejected by the le-
 " gislature, and added to their galling
 " disappointment session after session,
 " they had to endure a load of insult
 " and calumny against all that is sacred
 " in their religion—at such a moment, I
 " say, you may recollect that a tried
 " and sincere friend of liberty, Mr.
 " Marmion, made a proposition, of
 " which, in his cooler moments, he pro-
 " bably felt the inexpediency. He pro-
 " posed the discussion of the question,
 " whether it would not be advisable to
 " separate the two countries for the pre-
 " servation of Ireland. The exaspera-
 " tion of the moment, perhaps, furnished
 " the best excuse for this proposition,
 " but it should not have excited an im-
 " placable and relentless hostility in
 " Mr. O'Connell's breast—[*uproar and*
 " *cheers*]. A vote of censure came
 " down upon him with a very ill grace
 " from the mouth of Mr. Daniel O'Con-
 " nell. Such, however, having been the
 " case, Mr. Murphy, I am persuaded,
 " after mentioning the word revolution,
 " would not have fared better. He could
 " not have propitiated the loyal indigna-
 " tion of that most constitutional agitator
 " and pacificator, Mr. O'Connell, even
 " by that very elegant panegyric which
 " has proved, as I observed before, so
 " delightful to the ears of the most dis-
 " criminating part of this audience—

“ [great noise with cheering, and cries of, he deserved the praise and a great deal more].—Gentlemen, I am not disputing Mr. O’Connell’s claim to panegyric on the score of talents, but I am not obliged to coincide in the praise bestowed upon his actions, or to enter into all his views. I differ widely from almost every measure that he has recently proposed, and from every opinion he has passed in his judgment upon public characters, who pretend to be the friends of the Catholics. I cannot, for instance, induce myself to believe that the Marquis of Anglesea was sent to Ireland for any other purpose than to curb her with a strong arm; and I am persuaded that, ere long, Mr. O’Connell will be compelled to retract his panegyric upon that nobleman—[clamour and cheering]. I cannot but dissent widely from Mr. O’Connell’s project of blending the most sacred duties of religion with his political schemes. It is, I pronounce it, of all the wild irregularities of action, the most nonsensical. No supremacy in the field of Catholic politics shall ever be vested in the priesthood.—It is not at this day that a man is to be told, that he shall be unfit to present himself on a political arena without a certificate from his priest—[uproar and some applause]. No man reveres the Catholic priest more than I. I never come from their presence without feeling within me a greater awe and reverence for the sacerdotal character, a more ardent love of virtue, religion, and piety. But I will not resign my judgment in politics even to them, nor, should I ever forget the practice of my religion, would I consent to be excluded by their interdiction from the enjoyment of any political franchise or immunity. Indeed, Gentlemen, I must say, if I know well the holy and beloved Catholic clergy of this country, they would be the first to treat, with becoming scorn, such an impolitic measure as that to which I have alluded—[Mr. French was here informed that his half hour was expired]. Gentlemen, a few words as to Mr. Murphy’s philippic against Mr.

Hunt, and I have done. It could scarcely be expected that Mr. Murphy (whose eloquence, as you can all testify, flourishes most in the field of invective) could permit, for the first time in his life—(Mr. French, who had experienced frequent interruptions in the course of his speech, was here compelled, by the increased clamour of the O’Connellites, and calls of “ ‘ Time,’ to sit down.)”

To save friends the trouble of writing upon the subject, I have to inform them that I am provided with a young man to be a sort of farmer-apprentice, as mentioned in my Register of last week.

INDIAN CORN BREAD.

To the Editor of the Morning Herald.

Kensington, Oct. 22.

SIR,—You will, I am sure, have pleasure in conveying to your readers the information which I am now about to give you.

Mr. Sapsford, baker, corner of Queen Ann and Wimpole-streets, has had some Indian Corn ground properly at a mill. On Sunday morning last he showed me a specimen of the flour; and on Monday morning I sent to him for some of the bread, which was made in one pound loaves, and which I declare to be far the best bread that I ever tasted in my life. Mr. Sapsford, in this case, used one-fourth Indian flour, and three-fourths wheat flour. I am quite satisfied that half one, and half the other, would make as good bread, as substantial, conveying as much nutriment, and as pleasant to the taste, as the bread made in the above manner. It would not be quite so much puffed up; but it would be as sweet, as free from lumpishness, and even more wholesome, than if there were a greater proportion of wheat flour in it.

Whether Mr. Sapsford mean to continue to make the bread, and to sell it, I am by no means certain, being very much engaged at present, and unable to go to make the necessary inquiries. When I return from Kent, whence it would seem it is intended by a band of

our Lords and masters, to send us back by an *adjournment*, without giving us the trouble to petition the Honourable and Right Honourable Houses; when I return from that county, which will probably be on the evening of Friday next, unless detained by contrary winds or other dangers of the tempest, I will make all the proper inquiries; and, in the meanwhile, I congratulate you, Sir, and the other Gentlemen of the Press, who have had the sound judgment and public spirit to insert the several articles upon this subject, that here we have the guarantee of the greatest of God's blessings, plant of the staff of life; and that wet harvests and even short wheat crops, can never again be attended with any serious distress in England; for, suppose that rich people should choose not to have above a fourth of the corn flour in their bread, people in the middle rank life of will certainly use more, while those, those millions of the labouring classes will, in all probability, use but a small portion of wheat, and use the flour and the corn in those various other forms and manners that they will find pointed out on the subject *which will appear on the 26th November*.

As to the amount of my crop, I continue of my original opinion that there will be a hundred bushels to the acre; and as to the time of harvesting, I was perfectly correct from the beginning; for it will be in the latter end of this month; and no wet and no frost, you will observe, will do the crop any harm. I have some corn in my Nursery at Kensington, which *was planted in the first week of June*. It has had no tillage and no care; it was planted as a sort of hedge on the side of a walk and as divisions of beds of trees and squashes. Not the slightest care has been taken of it; but the ground is very good, the crop will be very large, it is very nearly ripe now, and I will suffer the ears of a part of it, at least, to *remain till Christmas*, in order to furnish a proof of the fruit being inaccessible to injury from the weather.

Amongst other consequences of the introduction of this plant, will be, and

must be, the total expulsion of the nasty, time-consuming, stomach-swelling, and soul-degrading potato, which is "of the earth earthy." Suppose a labourer to have half an acre of ground; few of them, in the country, have less than a quarter of an acre, and in this quarter of an acre he now has, with all the manure he can muster, seventy-five bushels of potatoes, big, little, hollow, close, and altogether. Now, a quarter of an acre of corn planted with great care, not a plant failing in the whole piece, tilled nicely, and with half the trouble still, of tilling the potatoes, would produce him forty bushels of corn, which is precisely at the rate of my little patch in the year 1827. Now, Sir, is there any comparison between forty, or even twenty bushels of corn, and seventy-five bushels of miserable potatoes. Time forbids me to proceed further at present; but, Sir, think of the fodder that the corn gives for a cow or a horse; think of the quantity of bread, or cakes, or things in other shapes, to come from twenty to forty bushels of corn; think of the spuddery, and mud, and mire in harvesting the dismal potatoes, and think of the perils they incur from the frost; think of the everlasting boiling of the pot; and then think for a moment of the nice clean operations of taking in ripe ears of corn from the stalk, and rubbing the grain off at the poor man's leisure; and then, Sir, I think you will agree with me, that sentence is pronounced, and execution almost begun upon the wretched potato.

Begging another inch of your paper to request the Editors of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Globe*, the *Morning Journal*, the *Standard*, and the *St. James's Chronicle*, and other of those gentlemen, who have been so good as to insert my former articles upon this subject, to insert this article, and particularly that part of it which relates to the sale of the bread by Mr. Sapsford, as above mentioned,

I remain, Sir,

Your much obliged and

Most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

AMERICAN TREES AND SEEDS.

THE Trees that I shall have for sale this year are as follows :

FOREST-TREES.

LOCUSTS.—7s. a hundred.—They are two years old ; or, rather, a year and a half. They were sowed in May 1827, and transplanted in May 1828. Some of them are now more than *seven feet high* ; some not more than four or five, and a few not more than three or four. They now form a beautiful coppice in my ground at Kensington. I can have but *one* price. The lowest of them (having been *transplanted*) are very cheap at 7s. a hundred. One gentleman has ordered 25,000 ; and he is to have them at 6s. a hundred. Any large quantity, not less than 10,000, I will sell at the same price. The gentleman, to whom I have sold the 25,000, is going to plant *for profit*, in ground trenched according to the instructions given in my work, called *THE WOODLANDS*, which every gentleman should see before he begins to *trench ground*.

WHITE ASH.—Same age, and transplanted like the Locusts. Very fine plants.—5s. a hundred.

WILD CHERRY.—Same age : transplanted in the same way.—5s. a hundred.

HONEY-LOCUST.—Same age ; transplanted in the same way ; 5s. a hundred, or 40s. a thousand.

BLACK WALNUT.—Seedlings ; but from two to three feet high. Very fine plants. 3s. a hundred.

RED CEDAR.—Two years old, very fine plants. 5s. a hundred.

WHITE OAK.—Seedlings ; but very fine, being, in general, nearly a foot high, and some of them more. 3s. a hundred.

CHESNUT (the American).—Seedlings ; very fine plants ; 3s. a hundred.

BLACK ASH.—Seedlings ; 3s. a hundred.

HICKORY.—Seedlings ; 3s. a hundred.

LIME.—Seedlings ; 20s. a hundred ; 3s. for ten.

SASSAFRAS.—Two years old. A very few ; 1s. each.

SHRUBS.

BUCK'S EYE.—Or scarlet-blossomed Horse-Chesnut.—1s. each. Seedlings, but very strong.

CATALPA.—Two years old, transplanted ; 6d. each.

ALTHEA FRUTEX.—Two years old, very fine plants, just fit for ornamental hedges ; 3s. a hundred, which is about the usual price of *two plants*.

All these trees may be seen in my ground, at Kensington, on *any day, Sunday excepted, after the tenth of October*, the truth being, that the wet summer and my presence here, has prevented my having that place, not in a state of *neatness*, but in a state such as to enable people to get about amongst the trees.—There is also, at Kensington, some of my *Indian Corn*, which, though planted, I say, and we always must say, *plant corn*, and *sow wheat* ; for, the corn is put upon the ground a grain at a time by the hand, just as kidney beans are ; this corn, at Kensington, though planted so late as the *first week in June*, will ripen : and I shall leave some of the plants with the tops on ; so that this will (after the 10th of October) save gentlemen the trouble of going to Barn-Elm to see the corn, where, besides, it will all be topped by that time.

It is now five years since I put forth my first publication on the subject of the *Locust Tree*. I said, that, in my exile, caused by SIDMOUTH and CASTLE-REAGH'S Power-of-imprisonment-Bill, I had conceived the hope of enriching England with this tree ; for I never confounded *my country* with *those men*, or with any others. This hope I have now realized. I have sold about a million of the trees ; and now one gentleman purchases 25,000 to *plant for profit*. The White Oak, the White Ash, the Black Walnut, are next in importance ; and great numbers have been raised and sold.

I was induced to write the book, called the *WOODLANDS*, by the incessant applications made to me for information relative to *tree-planting* ; and I really think, that, in most cases, the book is absolutely necessary to the planter. Plan-

tations fail only in consequence of want of skill in the owner. The title of the **WOODLANDS** is as follows; and, I venture to say, it *fully answers* to its title.

THE WOODLANDS:

OR,

A TREATISE

On the preparing of ground for planting; on the planting; on the cultivating; on the pruning; and on the cutting down of Forest Trees and Underwoods;

DESCRIBING

The usual growth and size and the uses of each sort of tree, the seed of each, the season and manner of collecting the seed, the manner of preserving and of sowing it, and also the manner of managing the young plants until fit to plant out;

THE TREES

Being arranged in Alphabetical Order, and the List of them, including those of America as well as those of England, and the English, French, and Latin name being prefixed to the directions relative to each tree respectively.

This is a very handsome octavo book, of fine paper and print, price 14s. and it contains matter sufficient to make any man a complete tree-planter. N.B. The book was, at first, published in *separate numbers*. Those gentlemen, who took part of the numbers, and who have not completed their sets, are hereby notified, that no *numbers* of the work will, in *numbers*, be to be had after the first day of January next.

FRUIT-TREES.

APPLES and PEARS; both very fine plants, and of fine sorts: but I have not room at present to insert a list of them; 2s. each tree.

ASPARAGUS and STRAWBERRY Plants, the former from American seed, and the latter the *Keen's Seedling*; 2s. 6d. a hundred plants.

I shall begin executing orders, for any of the above things, on the 15th of November, and it would not be proper to do it more early. Gentlemen, who may wish to be supplied with any of them, will please to send their orders, in writing, addressed to me, at No. 183, Fleet Street; or to leave them there, *in writing*, and *sealed up* and addressed to me. This is necessary, in order to prevent delays and mistakes. They will

be so good as to give *very plain* and *very full* directions as to the places whither the trees are to be sent, and will be pleased to bear in mind, that all *proper names*, whether of places or of persons, ought to be written in a *plain hand*.

What **SEEDS** I shall have to dispose of I do not, as yet, exactly know; but I shall publish the list early in December.

USURY AND MONOPOLY.

THE following Dedication will speak for itself when the reader shall have read the title of the book and the remarks which are subjoined.

DEDICATION,

By William Cobbett, the Publisher.

TO THE "SOCIETY OF FRIENDS."

QUAKERS,

I have, in the above address, given you the appellation which you have chosen to give yourselves, and under the cover of which, you have so long carried on a most profitable duping of the world. I dare say, that you must have wondered when you read my letter to **TUFFNELL**, how I should have become so intimately acquainted with the writings of the *Fathers of the Church*. The truth is, that I committed upon father O'CALLAGHAN an act somewhat resembling those which your sect, from their infancy, are taught to commit, are absolutely drilled to the committing, on all the rest of mankind, whom you, being one degree more reprobate than the Jews, look upon as fair game, for the hooks and the traps of an infinite variety of sorts, which you are constantly committing, and for the studying of the art of committing which, with safety, I am convinced that your silent meetings are intended. There you sit; there you consider and re-consider how you shall go to work to monopolize, to forestall, to rake wealth together, by all manner of cunning and sharpening tricks; and how you can contrive to live snugly, and be as sleek as moles, without ever performing one single thing that ought to be called work.

But, if I robbed Father O'CALLAGHAN

of his references to St. CHRYSOSTOM, St. JEROME, St. AMBROSE, St. AUGUSTINE, and the rest, I robbed him only for a while; I took his goods as the Scripture allows, I have none of my own of the same sort; he having plenty and I being in want; and I now restore them to him; a thing which no man of you did in the whole course of your lives, from the days of GEORGE FOX down to those of that sleek and saintly old black-guard ISAAC WRIGHT, who is one of the elders of the meeting at New York, and who is now, God be praised, in a state, along with his sons-in-law, the THOMPSONS of Yorkshire, full as happy as I wish him to be in. I trust that the Small-note Bill, and other measures which must follow it very speedily, will bring the whole of your sect in much about the same state; and, that you may be convinced that that state is the one that you merit, read this book, which I now dedicate to you; and which will show you the degree of detestation in which those ought to be held who practise usury and monopoly, "and who work not with their hands the things which are good"; but whose execrable principle is, that, you ought to live upon the labour of the rest of mankind. You far exceed the Jews in point of turpitude; for they do *work* in certain ways: they collect old clothes; they scour clothes; they patch shoes; they carry about pencils and oranges; and though they cheat like the devil, still, a considerable part of them do some sort of labour; whereas, your whole sect live without labour, and by preying constantly from the beginning of your lives to the end of them upon the vitals of all those who labour. That you may receive your reward in dispersion over the earth, in poverty, rags, and hunger, is the sincere wish of

WM. COBBETT.

USURY;

OR,

LENDING AT INTEREST;

ALSO,

The Exaction and Payment of certain Church-fees, such as Pew-rents, Burial-fees, and the like, together with Forestalling Traffick;

ALL PROVED

TO BE REPUGNANT TO THE DIVINE AND ECCLESIASTICAL LAW, AND DESTRUCTIVE TO CIVIL SOCIETY.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A Narrative of the Controversy between the Author and Bishop Coppinger, and of the Sufferings of the former in consequence of his adherence to the Truth.

BY THE

Rev. JEREMIAH O'CALLAGHAN,
Rom. Cath. Priest.

"Thou hast taken usury and increase; and hast covetously oppressed thy neighbours. Behold I have smitten my hands upon thy covetousness, which thou hast exercised. Shall thy heart endure, or shall thy hands prevail, in the days that I shall bring upon thee? I the Lord have spoken, and I will do it. And I will scatter thee in the nations, and will disperse thee among the countries." EZECHIEL, chap. xxii. ver. 12, 13, 14.

"So now thou hast received money and hast received garments to buy oliveyards and vineyards. But the leprosy of Naaman shall also cleave to thee and to thy seed for ever. And he went out from him a leper as white as snow." 4 KINGS, chap. v., ver. 26, 27.

"And ye have respect to him who weareth the fine clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here comfortably; but you say to the poor man, Stand thou there, or sit by my foot-stool: are ye not partial in yourselves, and judges of evil thoughts?" JAMES ii. 3.

"He is like Chanaan (that is, a merchant), the deceitful balance in his hand, he hath loved oppression." OSEE xii. 7. "A merchant is one who buys an article, and sells it again entire and unaltered." St. CHRYSOSTOM.

WITH A DEDICATION

TO THE "SOCIETY OF FRIENDS,"

By WILLIAM COBBETT.

Some of the readers of the Register will recollect that, in 1825, I published an edition of this book. The cause of my doing it, or rather the history of the transaction, is as follows: a gentleman called at my shop at Fleet Street, and left a copy of the book, which had been printed at New York; and leaving no message whatever for me, other than that he was the Author of the book. I read the book with very great delight, and endeavoured to find out the author, but in vain. Learning from the book itself he was a poor priest, I published it at my own risk with the design to give the profits, if any, to him. And I notified in the Register my intentions in this respect. The Author, it afterwards appeared, was gone to Rome, and in that city he first had a knowledge of my intentions from an advertisement of the book, which was on the cover of one of the *Numbers of the Reformation*, which

had found its way to ROME, where FATHER O'CALLAGHAN first saw it. He sometime afterwards returned to England, and received from me the profits of the book. Since that time, he has been nearly a twelvemonth at my house at KENSINGTON, teaching latin to two of my sons. After he had accomplished his business with them, he lived in the same capacity with another gentleman; since which he has been out of employment, not being permitted by the Catholic Bishop of London to perform the functions of a priest here, and not being permitted to the same in Ireland; and this for no other cause, than for having, in his capacity of priest, commanded his penitents to make restitution of the goods, which they had acquired by *usury*; and for having maintained, even at the risk of starvation, the doctrines of both Testaments, the doctrines taught by the Canons of the Church, and inculcated, in the most positive terms, by all the *Fathers of the Church*.

In this New Edition, the author has given a narrative of his controversy with BISHOP COPPINGER, who ousted him from his priestship in Ireland. This narrative gives an account of the pilgrimage of the author, in search of a place, where *usury* did not prevail. Other parts of IRELAND, ENGLAND, NEW YORK, MARYLAND, CANADA, FRANCE, ITALY: all these countries have been trodden by his feet, and generally literally by his feet, in search of a people to whom usury and monopolising trafficking was unknown. All without success; and, for my part, who know the traffickings of NEW YORK so well; who know the old Quakers that accumulate enormous sums of dollars, by *shaving notes*, as it is called; that is to say, discounting at two-and-a-half per cent, per month, I laughed ready to tumble down, when he told me he had been at NEW YORK to search for an *absence of usury*. The bishop there told him that he wanted priests; that the flocks were bleating for shepherds; but that to talk of usury there was wholly out of the question.

FATHER O'CALLAGHAN resolved to rely upon Providence, or even to perish with hunger, rather than give up these

cardinal principles of the Catholic religion; and, for this cause, and this cause only, man whom DOCTOR MILNER permitted to officiate in his diocese, and whom he recommended to the then Catholic Bishop of London, represents as an intelligent, pious, zealous, and orthodox clergyman, under no *censure* from his bishop, has been tossed about the world, and is, even at this moment, prevented from officiating in London, which seems to form the only sorrow of his life. There never was a more inoffensive man; a man adhering to and acting upon the true principles of Christianity; and his book is one of the most learned, and, in every respect, one of the best, that ever did honour to the mind of man, and to paper and print. As concerns himself and his own sufferings, the reader will find him destitute of every thing like repining and resentment; but where the Catholic religion is concerned; where that is violated by the conduct of men, be they high or be they low, he speaks as becomes a man, who feels as a Catholic priest ought to feel.

The truth is, that the Catholic religion has lost more ground by the relaxation in its discipline and rules than by all other causes put together. *Usury* or taking interest for the loan of money or goods, was allowed by the Catholics to the Jews; but then they justly held the Jews in abhorrence; and they would not suffer the Sunday and the great Saints' days to be profaned by the presence of these reptiles in the streets or in the public highways. If Christians imitate Jews in their habits of life, what difference is there between Christians and Jews? The Catholic religion always forbade usury and monopolizing traffic. When the Protestant Reformation came, these evils came with it. The Catholics, until these latter times, adhered to their ancient principles; but at last, loans and jobs and funds made them give way. This priest is one exception at any rate; and the consequences to him have been such as the reader will find stated in his narrative, which is as curious a statement of facts as ever was made to this public or to any other.

When this book was first published, I said that I would give a copy to each of my sons, which I did, with a recommendation written in the title-page, for him to read it with attention. This new edition contains, besides the narrative, a considerable addition relating to traffic, and to that species of simony which consists of payment exacted in the Church upon various occasions, and which is particularly reprobated in the second chapter of the Epistle of St. JAMES. The work makes a very neat duodecimo volume, good print and good paper, and the price is only *three and sixpence*. It is, like the former edition, published at my risk (if risk there can be) and for the benefit of the Author.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COBBETT-LIBRARY.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR; a new edition. *Price 3s.*

FRENCH GRAMMAR; or, Plain Instructions for the Learning of French; A new edition. *Price 5s.*

COTTAGE ECONOMY; containing information relative to the Brewing of Beer, Keeping of Cows, Pigs, Bees, Ewes, Goats, Poultry, and Rabbits, and relative to other matters deemed useful in the conducting the Affairs of a Labourer's Family; to which are added, Instructions relative to the Selecting, the Cutting, and the Bleaching, of the Plants of English Grass and Grain, for the purpose of making Hats and Bonnets; to which is now added, a very minute account (illustrated with a Plate) of the American manner of making Ice-Houses. *Price 2s. 6d.*

THE ENGLISH GARDENER; or, A Treatise on the Situation, Soil, Enclosing, and Laying-out, of Kitchen Gardens; on the making and managing of Hot-Beds and Green-Houses, and on the Propagation and Cultivation of all sorts of Kitchen Garden Plants, and of Fruit Trees, whether of the Garden or the Orchard; and also, on the Formation of Shrubberies and Flower Gardens; and on the Propagation and Cultivation of the several sorts of Shrubs and Flowers; concluding with a Calendar, giving instructions relative to the Sowings, Plantings, Prunings, and other Labours to be performed in the Gardens in each month of the year. *Price 6s.*

ROMAN HISTORY, in French and English; designed chiefly for a Book of Exercises to accompany COBBETT'S French Grammar. *Price 6s.*

IMPROVEMENTS IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

The LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW of Saturday, October 25th, will contain a full description of the intended improvements in Covent Garden Market—Tale of an extraordinary female Assassin—Rambles among the mountains of Yorkshire—Theatrical Criticisms—Miscellanea, &c. &c.

Published by W. THOMAS, 19, Catherine Street, Strand, and may be had of all Booksellers and Newsmen, in town and country, price 8d.

* The Part for October, will be ready for delivery on Saturday, price 2s. 8d. in a cover.

PUBLIC MOURNING,

With two Engravings, price 6d., coloured, 1s.—Trial of Henry Hunt, for Defamation and *Blackening* his Majesty's subjects, contrary to the Earl Marshal's order. Also, price 1s., and coloured plates, 2s., The First Instruction for the Students in the King's College.

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List of their Prices:—							
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* * The above is by far the cheapest House in the City of London.

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